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BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., MAY 1, 1861.

PRICE, TWO CENTS.

TO HORSE OWNERS!

Dr. Bryden's HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES.

Which have been most successfully used in my own practice throughout Vermont and New England for several years, are now offered TO THE PUBLIC, for the rapid cure of all diseases incident to

HORSES AND CATTLE.

Horse Keepers, Livery Stable keepers, Horse Buyers, Stage drivers, carriers, and farmers in every section, are aware of the success that has attended the use of these medicines, which I have used them, and I now offer them in full confidence that they will prove the "need-full remedy" for all horse and cattle diseases.

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These medicines consist of

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Will cure Sore Throats and Horse Distemper, swelled neck, old sores, bruises, sprains, strains, and lameness of every description, in the shortest possible time.

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For Ring bones, splints, or any enlargement on the bone, from kick, blow or any other cause. This compound will stop the growth of the enlargement, and entirely cure the lameness. Perfect success has always attended the use of this valuable compound.

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Is well known by horse owners in Vermont, that it is unnecessary to say anything of its universal success in treating any disease of Horses and Cattle. And in procuring these medicines prepared with the greatest care from his receipts, we have only to say to such as have seen its success.

You know what they will do,

and to all who have HORSES and CATTLE in their care, you have only to give them a single trial to be fully convinced that they are

THE BEST REMEDIES

Ever sold in Vermont.

Full directions with each package.

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Montpelier, Vermont.

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ANODYNE

COUGH DROPS

Has stood the test of a

Ten Year's Trial,

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THE BEST IN USE.

It has the fullest confidence of its patrons, and over

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And this is the universal voice of people who use it, as a FAMILY MEDICINE, for sudden Colds, for Croup, and for ailing people who cough and are kept awake at night. We do not believe it is not so.

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give the highest recommendations for its use, we ask

WHO CAN DOUBT IT!

FATHER HOBART,

The Oldest Minister in New England,

gives his strongest recommendation of its efficacy and for its use.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST,

You can run no risk, for every bottle is

Warranted!

PRICE 25 CENTS.

FRED. E. SMITH, Proprietor,

Montpelier, Vt.

Miscellany.

Letter from Baltimore.

A gentleman in this village has received a letter from a friend in Baltimore, from which we are permitted to make the following extracts:

SEAT OF WAR,
Baltimore, April 25th, 1861.

DEAR — Since the receipt of your letter, of the 16th inst., Baltimore has been the scene of intense and constant excitement. There is no lack of news. You have, of course, heard a good deal of it. And you have probably heard a plenty of curses and execrations heaped upon Baltimore. We have had war with almost all its horrors—bloodshed, death, alarm, and fears. If you had been here through it all, I think your military ardor would have cooled off, and you would be ready to retire from active service.

The first that I saw that looked like war, was Thursday afternoon—one week ago to-day—when 600 regular Government troops and recruits, from Pennsylvania, passed through here, to Washington. They walked through the city, in double file, and were not seriously disturbed. When the Massachusetts and Philadelphia volunteers came, on Friday, it was different. They were being taken through in the cars, but the crowd blocked up the track with heavy anchors, &c., which lay along the wharves, and obliged them to get out. Then they formed for the march, and the Mayor of the city walked at the head of them, to try and induce the crowd to give them a peaceable passage; but they commenced stoning them, and made so violent an assault that the Mayor told the commander that they must protect themselves. They fired on the crowd, and they returned it with pistols. Thus the battle was kept up for more than a mile along Pratt Street, to the Washington Depot. Eleven citizens were killed, four Massachusetts soldiers, and two Philadelphia troops. A great many were wounded. The Philadelphia troops did not get through the city, and went back home the same night.

One of the Massachusetts boys was taken into a Drug Store, where he died. He was kindly asked what he came there for? His reply, and last words was, "The Stars and Stripes." Another said he had a mother and sister, who were starving, and he came to earn their support.

The excitement which this battle caused cannot be described. It was terrible. The city was wild. One city military rushed to their armories. New companies were formed, and everything assumed a warlike aspect. We have now twenty thousand troops on duty in the city. Cannon and balls line some of the streets. The city council appropriated half a million of dollars, on Saturday, to defray the expense.

The bridges on the two Railroads leading into Pennsylvania have been burnt, and the Depots are used as barracks—no trains trying to run at all. A daily mail to New York is now sent by Pony Express, to Havre de Grace, thirty-five miles distant on the Susquehanna River.

Sunday was a day long to be remembered.—About 11 o'clock, A. M., a messenger came galloping into the city, saying 3000 Pennsylvania troops were marching to the city, and were only a few miles away. Instantly the cry was "to arms." The alarm of women, and excitement of everybody was awful. Churches were almost deserted—some broke up in confusion; in the very midst of sermons. Soldiers on foot and horseback, were dashing about the streets preparing to go out to fight the foe. The Pennsylvanians, however, remained encamped ten miles from the city all day, and at night an order was sent to them from Gen. Scott, to go back to Harrisburg and not try to go through here.

A military road is now open from Annapolis to Washington, and a good many thousand troops have been passed. The route is from Perryville opposite Havre de Grace, by water, to Annapolis, and from there by railroad.—When the first troops landed there, under Col. Butler of Mass., Gov. Hicks met him and told him he must not try to take his men across Maryland. Said Col. B.: "My orders are to report myself in Washington, and that's where I'm going."

Another anecdote is told about a Boston Captain: When they got through the city Friday, he ordered his men to form in a hollow square in the depot, so as to defend themselves on all sides. A Policeman told him for God's sake not to show any more fight, but to get into the car as soon as he could. Said the Captain, "Wall, I aint going to be run over, that aint the business I'm here on."

Friday morning. Things look a little brighter here, it being reported that Virginia only intends to defend herself, and will not cross her

line to attack Washington. The restrictions have been removed from provisions, and steamers are allowed to run, so there can be travel toward the North. Trade has been dead for a week: immense quantities of provisions that were on the way, were stopped in Ohio by the owners. The Northern papers talk of laying Baltimore in ashes, and making a grave yard of Maryland. Please don't. The Harriet Lane was here in our harbor yesterday, and it is said reinforced Fort M'Henry last night. The Fort is on a narrow point of land within the city limits, and only two miles from where I am writing. In case of an attack, they could give us some hard knocks. Yours, H.

We have received a letter from a valued correspondent in Brandon. We regret that our space will not permit us to print the whole.—We make the following extract:

EDITOR FREEMAN:—There is a general uprising throughout this section of the State—men of all ages, parties and positions are alive with excitement and patriotism. But little work is done. The anxiety for the country precludes the thought of everything else. In this town Colonel Bush has enlisted a full company of noble looking men to, go into actual service, if required; and they are impatient to be gone.—Their country calls—the capital is in danger; and they are anxious to be among the first to lend their aid in putting down rebellion and treason.

Fortress Monroe.

Many inquiries have been made as to the character and capabilities of Old Point Comfort, or Fortress Monroe. It is gratifying to be able to state two important points: First that Fortress Monroe can hold most effectually the sea entrance opposite Gosport navy yard, and the water of the Elizabeth, Potomac, Susquehanna, and Patuxent. Secondly, it is well manned, armed, and provisioned. There need be no alarm, therefore, for the troops going by water to Washington, or in fact to any point north of that where the government chooses to send them. The fortress is, we believe, the largest in the Union; and built with every guard to safety and ability to dispute the entrance and protect Hampton Roads.

In the Gazette of Virginia, published by Joseph Martin, and printed at Charlottesville in 1835, under the head of "Old Point Comfort," we find a very full description of this grand structure. After stating that all the states of the Union had contributed some portion toward its construction, the article concludes with the following spirited and patriotic suggestion:

In this edifice, which is to form a stronghold in a central position—defend our great naval depot, and protect our naval power over the ocean; and especially to afford a place of refuge to the commerce of the nation, each commercial state may point to a portion of the blended strength, which it has contributed to the common structure. The castle at the Rip Raps should then be called, as well from its use as from its origin, The Castle of the Federal Union—and when attacked by foreign or domestic assailants it should run up the ensign of "the Federal Union"—the watchword, it must be preserved.

The idea is excellent at this time, and we would suggest to some of our patriots the propriety of sending to Fortress Monroe a national banner with the mottoes suggested by our Virginia publishers in 1835 boldly displayed thereon. It might call a blush to the cheek of some traitors, and compel them, in shame and confusion, to return to their allegiance.—N. Y. Herald.

The Massachusetts Eighth and New York 7th Regiments.

Speaking of the Mass. Eighth and the N. Y. 7th Regiments, an Annapolis letter says: "The Massachusetts troops undertook the repairs of the bridge and track, they being familiar with such work, and would not allow the Seventh to lay their hands to any work, for," they said, "you are not used to this kind of work, and we are. You can do the open field fighting, and we will do the hard work and when it comes to a rough and tumble fight, you will find us there."

The warmest friendship has sprung up between these two regiments from the moment they met, and it was cemented by a little incident which was narrated by an eye witness. Some of the Massachusetts troops were passing a squad of the Seventh who were seated by the roadside eating their rations of biscuit, and, of course, they stopped to speak to each other, and in the course of conversation, one of the Massachusetts boys chanced to remark that they hadn't had their rations yet. Instantly every one of the Seventh sprang to his feet, and although each man had only one biscuit, that was halved with their friends, as well as their salt pork; and it was gladly accepted, for they had been out all day without a mouthful to eat or drink.

It was not long before this incident became known in the Massachusetts Regiment, and from that time forward the Seventh have almost been worshipped. Not a man in the Massachusetts Regiment but would go through fire and water to serve the Seventh. Of the twenty who came home in the Baltic, eighteen were invalided at Annapolis by reason of sickness or physical inability to perform the arduous duties required of them.

The Coolest Thing on Record.

As Gen. Scott's army was marching triumphantly into the city of Mexico, a procession of monks emerged from the gate of a convent situated on the eminence to the right and advanced with slow and measured tread until they met the army at right angles. The guide or leader of the procession was a venerable priest, whose hair was whitened with frost of many winters. He held in both hands a contribution box, upon which there was a lighted candle, and when within a few feet of the army the procession halted. As the army proceeded, many a true believer in St. Patrick, dropped some small coin or other into the priest's box. And when it was observed that a soldier was searching in his pockets for something to bestow, the old priest would step forward and hold his box to receive the donation. Untimely, there came along a tall, gaunt, limber-sided, gander-looking Yankee, who, on seeing the old priest, thrust his hands into the very depths of his breeches pockets, as it in search for a dime, or something of the kind. The priest, observing this movement, advanced as usual, while Jonathan holding a greasy looking roll of paper, commenced very deliberately unfolding it. The old priest anticipated a liberal donation, and put on an air of the most exquisite satisfaction. Jonathan continued to unroll piece after piece of dirty paper, until at length he found a piece of tri-twisted smoking tobacco. He next thrust his hands into another pocket and drew forth a clay pipe, which, with the utmost deliberation, he proceeded to fill by pinching off small particles of the tobacco. When this was done having replaced his tobacco in his breeches pocket, he stooped forward and lighted his pipe by the old priest's candle, and making an awkward inclination of the head (intended, perhaps, for a bow) he said, "Much obliged to ye, Squire!" and proceeded on.

Pennsylvania Affairs.

Harrisburg, Pa., April 28. The Governor's message will recommend the passage of a stay law. The declaratory part will say that Pennsylvania will open the route laying from the North to Washington, essential to trade and transit, whether Maryland stays in or out of the Union. No hostile soil shall be permitted to lie between the National Capital and the States loyal to the Union. The rebellion must be crushed, and the Nation restored to its entirety. The National property seized and possessed by the rebels must be restored at every expense of treasure and blood. It will recommend an appropriation of three millions, perhaps five.

The requisition of the General Government to-day, through the hands of Gen. Patterson, for 21 more regiments—20 infantry and one cavalry—makes a total for Pennsylvania, of 38 regiments, numbering 29,500 men. There are applications for filling all this contingent, which is already full, save four regiments.—There is no chance yet for the Philadelphians.

The Governor will also recommend in his message the requiring of 10,000 men to be brought out and encamped, drilled and armed beyond the present requisition of the General Government, in order to form a reserve to march anywhere they may be required, to fill losses occasioned by battle or disease. Thus Pennsylvania will have altogether 40,000 soldiers in the field.

Patriotism in Vermont.

On our return from the Vermont Conference, we found the capital occupied by the Legislature, busy with the interests of the extra session. The patriotism of Vermont seems to be thoroughly roused. The national flag is every where seen stirring in the breezes that fan our capital, and the cry, "to arms," is meeting with a prompt and generous response. The passage of the bill through the House, to raise a million of dollars in our State, to furnish the sinews of war for our national defense, was enthusiastically cheered by the citizens, who crowded the galleries.

This is what we might expect among these green hills. The history of the world affords ample proof that patriotism flourishes best amid the cherished scenery of romantic hills and mountains. Who has not heard of the devotion of the Swiss to liberty and country? Among the hills of Vermont patriotism has a stalwart growth never reached upon the monotonous plains of the sunny South. Liberty here can never be conquered. Who ever heard in the history of the world, of the South over-running and subduing the North? The Green Mountain Boys have a name to history which will not be tarnished by their present struggle for the national honor and security.—Messenger.

Kindness.

BY GERTRUDE N. WEST.

There is a golden chord of sympathy Fixed in the harp of every human soul. Which, by the breath of kindness, when 'tis swept, wakes angel-melodies in savage hearts; Inflicts sore chastisements for treasured wrongs, And melts the ice of hate to streams of love; Nor nigh but kindness that fine chord can touch." In silver cadences, musical with love and sympathy, do words of kindness gladden our ears, and make our hearts throb with sweet

and lasting happiness. How beautiful are words of kindness! They lighten the heaviest burden, breathe tenderness to the heart, and awaken the choicest impulses of the soul. A look of kindness may often dispel the darkest cloud, a tear dropped, a kind word spoken, may prove more effectual than scores of unkind remarks.

Unkindness, deadens soon, alas! too soon, the sweet fragrance of hope's clustering flowers, and blights and deadens lives which might have been peaceful as the soft moon-beams of summer, but for the rankling weeds of unkindness, which have caused the finest perceptions of the soul to droop and die.

"Sharper than a two-edged sword" do unkind words greet the ear. They cruelly pierce the heart, and cause bitterness and despair to hold sway, when there should be nothing but love and affection, towards the whole world. Oh! that everywhere in the world, kindness predominated over evil natures! Oh! that kindness, were ever our guiding star. Then earth would become what it should be; then love and philanthropy would abound; then bitterness and malice would no longer be found; then earth could be truly called, an earthly Eden. How soon the bright and glorious millenium would dawn!

Blessed and faithful is the kindness of a friend. The kind acts, the loving sympathy, and tender kindness of a friend, will live in our memory long after the gentle voice is hushed by death's bold breath, and the spirit has passed to the bright realms of bliss above.

Kindness will ennoble and refine the mind. It is purifying and heaven directing in its influence. The most trying afflictions, and heart-rending sorrows, can be soothed and comforted by its presence. Sweet, rich and powerful strains of music, will swell up out of the heaviest despondency that can settle upon the soul, if kindness only soothes and directs. Kindness is a strong ailment of the soul. It gives the mind uninterrupted and constant employment; fits the soul for high and pure enjoyments, and produces a quiet and steady repose.

Let us ever be kind to all. Kindness costs but little, but is of great value. A kind word may avail much, may lead some poor earth weary heart in the path of truth. A sympathizing tear dropped, may soothe the heart that is full of anguish, and may be one of the means of that person's eternal happiness.

If kindness costs nothing, let us bestow it with a liberal hand, so that we may have jewels to decorate our earthly crowns and gems to sparkle on our brows.
West Salisbury, Vt.

Say "Our Father."

Eustice Hastings, father of little Eve, who was very ill with scarlet fever, was an infidel. Sitting alone with her late one night, the child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter, my darling?" said he.

"Where is mama? Eve wants mama to say

"Our Father."

He had often seen the little child kneeling beside her mother, and saying "Our Father."

"Mama is asleep," he said, "when she awakes I will call her."

"No, no, papa, Eve will sleep then."

"I will call her at once, then."

"No, don't wake poor mama. Papa say

"Our Father" for Eve."

"Well Evesay it to papa?"

"No, Eve too sick, papa; Eve can't talk so much. Papa kneel down and say "Our Father" like mama did last night, won't you papa?"

He could not resist that voice, and kneeling down and laying his hand on the clasped hands of his little child, he commenced the prayer.

He understood it and trembled at it, but his infidelity was annihilated.

Soothed by this, she fell asleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice, she said—

"Papa, papa, see there, up there, papa."

Her eyes were fixed on the ceiling, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched up as to some heavenly visitant.

"Eve coming," she cried again. "Take Eve."

"Will Eve leave papa?" he said.

With her eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last strength in an effort to rise from her bed, she murmured in broken tones, papa come too-mama-grandpa little brother—dear papa—

The last words could barely be distinguished when the spirit left for heaven.—Charm and Counter Charm.

A Scot and an Irishman threshing for a Dutch farmer in America, the former observed to the latter, that in the course of a long residence in this country he had remarked the uncommon docility of their tractability, he had actually seen them employed in threshing out wheat. "Arrah, my jewel," cried Pat, "I'm half a dozen years too ripe to believe that." The Scot persisted that what he said was true. And Pat, staggered at length by his serious and repeated assertions, exclaimed in tones of wonder, "And how do they hold the flails?"